Engd Postmy Oct 73

AN

ODE OR HYMN

TO

DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

WRITTEN A. D. 1781.

AND

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI LIBRI ODARUM IVti. 9a.

IMITATED;

WITH A TRANSLATION OF

MR. G. BUCHANAN'S LATIN ODE

AGAINST THE

PORTUGUESE COLONISTS IN BRAZIL

BY THE REV. S. SMALBROKE, D. D. O.

RECTOR OF WEM, AND CANON RESIDENTIARY OF LICHFIELD.

SHROWSBURY:

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T. PAYNE, in the MEWS, and T. EVANS, in the STRAND, LONDON. 1784.

ODE
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AN

ODE OR HYMN,

TO

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

STANZA I.

HIGH PROVIDENCE! who ruleſt all
That turns of FORTUNE Pagans call,
CHANCE, ACCIDENT, Prædeſtin'd FATE;
Whoſe Springs unſeen o'erthrow the ſtrongeſt STATE!

Vide Hor. I Od. 35.
O Diva, gratum quæ
regis ANTIUM.

II.

THEE not the Farmer only fears,
Solicitous for plenteous Years,
But Tyrants, the moſt impious, dread,
Oft' looking up th' impending Sword and Thread.

III.

A PERSIAN Shepherd thou canſt raiſe — SHAW NADIR, alias KOULI KHAN.
On CYRUS' Throne awhile to blaze: — See Hanway's Travels.
Anon amidſt his INDIAN Spoil,
Midſt his own Camp, he bleeds upon the Soil.

IV.

A wandring EXILE favour gains, — AZZO of ESTE, in ITALY.
And at thy NOD a REALM obtains; — In BAVARIA.
His Sons and Grandſons happy grow,
Sit EMP'RORS from the WESER to the Po.

V.

But ſuddenly by thy DECREE
The Next depriv'd of all we ſee;
Or Weſtphale Moors confine their Sway,
At length GREAT BRITAIN's fierceſt Sons obey.

VI.

Here HÔSTS and CONQUEST ſeem to crown — Frederic of Pruſſia.
A ſkilful CHIEF with falſe Renown:
When ſwift the Victory is châng'd,
The FOE prevails, the Battle's diſarrang'd.

VII. Nor

VII.

Nor leſs on OCEAN's Back appears
Thy Pow'r to ſtir the SAILORS' Fears;
In Storms, in Calms; in Pôrt, at Sea;
Triumphant NAVIES ſink, or burn, or flee. 1781.

VIII.

At thy Command Events moſt ſtrânge
Of High, Low; Rich, Poor; (ceaſeleſs Change)
Thy ſublunary LOTS ariſe,
Fall to the Duſt, or ſoaring touch the Skies.

IX.

A new Creation firſt appear'd,
And high the Arch of HEAV'N was rear'd:
LIGHT, SUNS, and MOONS, and PLANETS rove,
And COMETS flame acroſs the STAGE above:

X.

Below PLANTS, ANIMALS, and MAN,
Mixt Son of Heav'n and Earth, began:
But Ten Deſcents increaſe; and lo!
The Race corrupted OCEANS overflow.

XI.

All ſave ONE FAMILY lye dead;
EIGHT float within a Timber Shed:
From NOAH'S THREE dividing Boys
Spring MONARCHIES, and Violence, and Noiſe.

XII.

WARS, FAMINES, PLAGUES, and EARTHQUAKES fill
The Meaſure of thy wrathful WILL:
Then PEACE, and TRADE, and SCIENCE join
Cities to build, and SCYTHIANS to refine.

XIII.

How oft has thy protecting Hand
Screen'd this our Native guilty LAND!
Reſtor'd PURE FAITH and FREEDOM'S LAWS,
And ſacred Marriage, POPULATION'S Cauſe!

XIV.

O! NOW, once more, MOST SOV'REIGN POW'R,
Save BRITAIN in this dreadful Hour!
Save EUROPE, ſave all CHRISTIANS' Lives,
When ſcarce the chearful Face of Hope ſurvives!

French and Spaniſh Armada menacing inſtant Invaſion in the S. W. in Summer 1781.

XV. Wreſt

XV.

Wreſt midſt the Rage of SAVAGE Bands — North American Revolt.
The murd'rous TOMAHAWK from their Hands!
—For thou can'ſt ſtop the Bullet's ſpeed,
And turn the Batt'ries, leſt whole NATIONS bleed.

XVI.

O ſtill the TEMPEST of theſe Waves!
Unlock the Chains of Colour'd SLAVES!
Shine fôrth, thou radiant LORD of EARTH,
And melt with peaceful TRUTH MANKIND to Mirth!

IV.

Quinti Horatii Flacci Liber Odarum IV.

I.

Nr forte credas interitura, quæ
Longè sonantem natalem ducit
Apulum, annosa volgaris penus
Vincla dimovit Lacænæ!
Simne iocis, an sitiens Falerni
Ingeminem abacum, quove Chio
Certem meracas carbasus Coas!
Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit
Luctere, morantem Plancum amabilis
Cantabo, dum regnabit Hesperiæ.
Sive ille flavum Tiberim tenebit,
Tyrrhena regum progenies, tuis
Hic gramen, et mollis palestræ,
Sive Petitinis nivalis
Latebras anhelantes opacæ
Quærit, fugacem persequax lupum
Cervamve fulvam, seu per audacem
Guttur toruosi belluæ, immemor
Sævæ Novercæ, fortis in artubus
Ferasque virtus cum semel excidit
Curis expedita cessantem
Flectere sollicitæ Camenæ.
Non vos, quod olim, non Lacedæmonem
Tarentumque magnam posset Hannibal
Fidumque Pœnus transfugam ferox
Per mille pugnantes phalanges
Dirus, per et Alpes, ipse pulvereum
Volans adibat; non Sicanæ minax
Classis Sicanæ, non Libyci mobilis
Exercitator carbasi Libyæ,
Quo non arator segnior, expedit
Cultrum negatæ, sive adurit Iuppiter
Gelatum lentis imbribus horridum,
Seu pigrum contristat, et ingrauat
Annum pruinis, corpora non valent
Vitare summos fulminis ictus,
Pinusve celsæ, nec memorabilem
Agacen urentes, nec Pachynum minis
Iactatum procellis, nec nigrum Notis
Nemus, nec fluctu mobile languido
Thermodontiacæ cornua Lunæ.
Parcæ minacis iura neglexerant
Hunc, anteire ferocis impetu
Martis parantem, cum populus frequens
Lætis theatris ter crepuit sonis,
Clamorque regum vulgus in Italis
Ambire tergo factus, et obvios
Adurere campos inquieto
Cornipedum pede Pyrrhus et acer
Dirus Hannibal, quem semel accipit
Sulcis minacem, nec Scipiadis cinis
Sat clarus Afris, quem dedecorat parum
Cognomen exuti Catonis.
Intactus aut Crassi frequentem
Sub Marte iuventam, aut profugum Scythis
Quæsitum Idanthyrsum, et Nomadum vagis
Primum sagittis, duraque Dacia
Mutare loricas coactum,
Quam Rhodanus potabilis, aut recepti
Romana Tiberini columina rogi
Beavere. Longis invidenda sors
Dierum, et ingenio stupenda
Nil mortalibus ardui est.
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
Per nostra patimur scelera iracundum
Diem Iouem ponere fulmina.

II.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Vt prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fœnore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat, et superba ciuium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputat,
Feliciores inserit,
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmas oves,
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiua decerpens pira,
Certantemque Tithoni prunum,
Lætæque vitis purpurantem baccam
Feraci adhuc sub arbuto,
Quæ te, Priape, quæque te, sylvane, tuet
Custode, non magni Lares.
Quando aut relicto fœdere Cantaber
Bibet superbus Tiberim,
Aut Sicula coniunx timebit
Ne nova nurus
Horum quietem perturbet, et face
Iuvenem paterni sanguinis
Dignum supremis auspicetur ignibus,
Quam sub rubenti dote virginem
Amet, peregrinove ardeat turpis toro,
Lucrum sagaci feminæ.
Seu prona pulchris lenonibus, orbum
Parantis atque vilicum
Suspecta differat, superbiorem
Seu deperit nobilis tibicinem,
Insanientis dum tumultus
Fax et benigni spes domini premit,
Deceptus uxoris dolis.
Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti,
Non si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, placare victimis
Centumgeminus Hecatombæus
Quem Chimæræ supervolantis ignes
Insontis infecere sanguinis,
Quem rex Gelonum Sicanique mollit
Dominator Orci, numen opimum
Prædamque non curante turba
Cuncta ferunt Acheronta fures.
Iuvat inmanem ferro Sygambrum
Ponere, aut pictis vagum Britannum
Equitare bellis, iuvat Arabon
Castrisque purum non sine gloria
Arcere vinum, tu bibes uvidum
Mille cadis oliente crustam
Flos Africani, quod mihi pontifex
Servanda in hunc annum Kalendis
Dum Capitolium scandet cum tacita virgine
Maturet, olim sarcophagis cadum
Aptate, Manli, non Falernum
Quod mihi detrahat ulla sanos
Curarum aranea, neque in superbis
Vocere lectis, canitiem Galli
Nec trux Sygambra, nec intimo
Exsul ab Hibero, tuus, beate
Sodalis, in busto colendus.
Quo pulvis albus, quo furentes
Euri, quid apta sub cupressu
Scire breves aditura Parcas
Quis putet ad Deum?
Thessalum contemplare robur, et
Ut celeres alios labores,
Ut Aquas coërcet, ut medias ratis
Cautus per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Ut horrentem Eurum, Bithyna quo fretum
Febre tumescat, inter ovium greges
Ut purpurata regibus ardeat
Quæ sit hirundinis futura
Soluta nidis, quos Iacchus amet
Scire helluonis interest,
Nec clarior fit, quam Lycambæ spretus
Infidus gener, aut amica
Barine nobilium decoro
Lenior in juvene fuit,
Quam si proterva fronte puellio
Pulcher recuset munera vilium
Auctumnus agris extulit,
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Quinti Horatii Flacci Libri Odarum IV ti. 9a.

IMITATED, ADDRESSED AND PRESENTED

TO (THE LATE)

EDWARD KYNASTON, Esq; of HARDWICK, SALOP,

Often Member of Parliament (till his Death) for *Montgomeryſhire*.

I.

THO' born and bred on Lug and Wye,
Leſt you ſhould think my Rhymes ſhall dye;
Or that a modern ENGLISH Lay
Can flouriſh, like th' Ephem'ron, but a Day;

II. Time

I.

NE fortè credas interitura, quæ
Longè ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis,

II. Non

II.

Time was, the Græcian Muſe was young;
Ev'n HOMER ſpoke a Modern Tongue:
Yet He and PINDAR ſtill can ſoar;
ALCÆUS threats — tho' Tyrants are no more.

III.

STESICHORUS, thy Art is known;
And all love old ANACREON;
Still SAPPHO breathes her am'rous Fire;—
Nor quite forgotten hangs our WALLER's Lyre.

IV. POPE's

II.

Non, ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent:
Ceæque, & Alcæi minaces,
Steſichorique graves Camenæ.

III.

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus Puellæ. *etc.*

IV. Vixere

IV.

Pope's long ſhall pleaſe, and Cowley's wit;
Dryden and Shakespear charm the Pit:
Milton unfetter'd o'er them all
Looks higher by the Head, of Bards the Saul.

V.

If He with Virgil's ſelf contends,
Ovid and Horace join like Friends;
Nor, Terence, can thy Comic Muſe
Be ſilenc'd, nor a Colman's aid refuſe.

VI.

Yet long before Achilles fought,
Or Chiron, or old Orpheus taught,
Sages and Heroes had a Birth
To civilize, or deſolate the Earth:

VII.

" In vain they fought, in vain they bled,
" They had no POET, and are dead;" (Pope.)
Dead to all Fame they rot in Graves,
Unknown the Virtue which no POET ſaves.

VIII.

But, KYNASTON, your Name ſhall not
With all your Labours ſtand forgot:
My Muſe oblivion ſhall prevent
Ruſting the Man in Public Service ſpent.

IX. Your

VII.

Vixere Fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia Vate ſacro.

VIII.

Paulùm ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus: Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum ſilebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores

IX. Impune,

IX.

Your Prudence, and your Patriot care
Of Gold corrupt to have no ſhare:
In dang'rous and in proſp'rous Times
You took no Places, nor could wink at Crimes.

X.

A FAV'RITE's Frauds you hated once, (Sir Robert Walpole.)
Nor flatter'd a rich INDIAN Dunce;
Elected often by a Shire
That holds a WILLIAMS' Mem'ry ever dear; The late Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart.

XI. That

IX.

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones; eſt animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, & ſecundis
Temporibus dubiiſque rectus:

X.

Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abſtinens
Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ;
Conſulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

XI. Judex

XI.

That dares an honeſt Man prefer
Before each Courtly Worſhipper:
Nay almoſt by a ‖ ſecond choſe
Thro' ſtout SALOPIANS where proud SEVERN flows.

‖ A Fact as yet little known out of Salop, viz. the late Sir John Aſtley together with the late Mr. Lyſter, of Rowton, offered to reſign in favour of Mr. Kynaſton and the lately deceaſed Mr. Mytton of Halſton; but Mr. Kynaſton excuſed himſelf on account of ſo many Obligations to his generous Montgomerians.

XII.

Not Him that holds a large Eſtate
Pronounce we happieſt of Fate;
But Him that knows the Gifts of Heav'n
To uſe diſcreetly mixt with Virtue's leav'n;

XIII. This,

XI.

Judex honeſtum prætulit utili, et
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, & per obſtantes catervas
Explicuit ſua victor arma.

XII.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè Beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,

XIII. Du-

XIII.

This, this is He — a Crime who fears;
For Poverty nor Chains he cares:
From Friends and Country ne'er will part,
But rather Death embrace with open Heart.

XIII.

Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejùſque leto flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris Amicis
Aut Patriâ timidus perire.

TRANSLATION OF

LATIN ODE

A

TRANSLATION OF

Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN's

LATIN ODE

AGAINST THE

PORTUGUESE COLONISTS IN BRAZIL.

I.

FROM Heav'n deſcend in Storms of Fire
Thou Angel-Miniſter of Ire!
Arm'd as thou wert againſt the Luſt
Of Sodom burning into Duſt.

II. Behold!

I.

Deſcende cœlo turbine flammeo
Armatus iras, Angele, vindices,
Libidinum jam notus ultor
Exitio Sodomæ impudicæ.

II. En

II.

Behold! thy Vengeance to recall,
A new Gomorrah tempts its Fall:
Lewd Syrian Offspring, that renews
Thoſe ancient execrable Stews!

III.

A Climate warm'd with nearer Rays,
That cheats the Winter of its Days;
(A Scene for Luxury too good)
Now bears a baſe Inceſtuous Brood.

IV. Her

II.

En rurſus armis quod pereat tuis!
Luſtrum Gomorrhæ ſuſcitat æmulum
Syrûm propago & execrandæ
Spurcitiæ renovans palæſtram.

III.

Pars iſta Mundi quam ſibi propriam
Sedem dicavit mollis amœnitas,
Luxuſque, ſub fœdis colonis
Servitium tolerat pudendum.

IV. Abo-

IV.

Her Coloniſts preſerv'd from Death
Now burn with the impureſt Breath:
E'en Slaves that juſt had ſcap'd the Sea,
And their own native Poverty!

V.

What Bound ſhall ſoon be fix'd for Sin
When Luſts in exil'd Slaves begin?
Unus'd to Regions half ſo mild?
As if the Sun on Villains ſmil'd!

VI. To

IV.

Abominandis arſit amoribus
Strigoſus æſtu, pauperie, & fame,
Glandis vorator virulentum
E raphanis redolens odorem.

V.

Quem, rere, ponet nequitiæ modum
Frænis libido libera? & inſolens
Humanioris ferre victus
Illecebras meliore cœlo?

VI.

To Mankind's ſelf a ſad Diſgrace!
Foul Stain of their whole Age and Place!
Vile Cauſe of all their Labours run,
To ſail ſo far ~~and~~ to be undone!

VII.

For this was our Diſcovery's Boaſt?
For this found we Braſilia's Coaſt?
For this aſſault the quiet Shore?
To make Men guiltier than before!

VIII. Yes;

VI.

O Chriſtiani infamia nominis,
O fœda labes & nota temporum,
O turpium turpiſque cauſa, &
Exitus, & pretium laborum!

VII.

Ignota roſtris verrimus æquora,
Gentes quietas ſollicitavimus
Terrore belli, orbiſque pacem
Miſcuimus miſero tumultu,

VIII. Per

VIII.

Yes; we have broke thro' Ocean's Bars;
To Savage Tribes imported Wars:
And all for ſuch a wicked Crew
Procuring Proſtitutions new!

IX.

The Natives bad enough before,
And us'd to ſwallow Human Gore,
Now view a Sight exceeds their own;
A Sight to make a Cyclops groan!—

X. Now,

VIII.

Per ferrum & ignem & per mare naufragum
Secreta rerum clauſtra refregimus,
Ne deeſſet impuris Cinædis
Proſtibulum Veneris nefandæ.

IX.

Gens illa nullos mitis in Hoſpites,
Et ora victu aſſueta nefario,
Portenta conſpexit Cyclopum
Sanguineâ dape fœdiora.

X. Nunc,

X.

Now, now let Scylla's Dogs attack
And drive them on Charybdis back;
Thy Rocks, Charybdis, then diſplay,
And wreck them in the Face of Day:

XI.

Or if they land, ſtrait ſhake them, Earth!
Or Lightnings blaſt the monſtrous Birth!
Theſe curſed Coloniſts! the Shame
And Scandal of our Chriſtian Name!

X.

Nunc, Scylla, ſævos exere nunc canes,
Nunc, nunc, Charybdis, vortice ſpumeo
Convolve fluctus, & carinas
Flagitiis gravidas reſorbe:

XI.

Aut hiſce, tellus, in patulos ſpecus,
Ætherve, flammis perde ſequacibus
Turpes Colonos, Chriſtianæ
Dedecus opprobriumque terræ.

F I N I S.